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DAY BROTHERS PRESENT S.F.

DAY BROTHERS PRESENT

VOL. 1 Issue #4

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and...
theOBSERVER by Gene and Dan Day

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BREED

STORY & ART: DAN DAY.
LETTERS: DEBRA J. HETHERINGTON

I LIVE.
THROUGH COUNTLESS ENCOUNTERS EACH HOUR, MINUTE AND SECOND ARE SAVOURED.
STACK
I HAVE ENDURED. ... SURVIVING WELL BEYOND MY EXPECTED LIFE SPAN...
... BECOMING THE ULTIMATE MASTER OF MY DOMAIN...

TO EXIST ON ONE'S SKILLS AND EXPERIENCE...
STACK
...BATTLE INSTINCTS MUST BE HONED TO PERFECTION.
... EVERY SOUND, EVERY MOVEMENT-- ...PIN-POINTED AND ANALYZED!

MY KARMA FOR LIFE IS SIMPLE: LIVE, MAKE WAR, RULE!
...AND I HAVE BEEN BREAD FOR THIS LIFE... WITH BRAIN, BLOOD, MUSCLE AND BONE WORKING AS ONE.
THIS BODY HAS BECOME THE PERFECT INSTRUMENT OF DESTRUCTION.

FEAR IS NEVER ALLOWED TO EXIST. NO DEFENCE--
ALWAYS ON THE ATTACK: SWIFT AND PRECISE.

AND WITH EACH NEW BATTLE I BECOME STRONGER; EACH NEW THREAT -- THE VICTOR.

...FOR I HAVE FAITH IN MY ABILITY TO CONQUOR ANY AND ALL THAT I WILL ENCOUNTER!

... FOR THE ENEMY IS EVERYWHERE!
... AFTER HAVING DISPATCHED WITH THE LOWER LIFE FORMS I NEVER ALLOW MYSELF THE PLEASURE OF RELAXATION BY STAYING IN ONE PLACE, BUT INSTEAD FORCE MY BODY TO KEEP MOVING...
... AND HAVING HEARD THE SOUNDS OF BATTLE MY NEMESES WOULD BE ALERTED TO MY POSSIBLE PRESENCE.

I MUST NEVER LET DOWN MY GUARD...
ONE MUST NEVER MAKE A MISTAKE -- ONE SLIP-UP WOULD MEAN A SLOW AGONIZING DEATH.
... AND SO I WAS CONCEIVED -- TO INFLICT PAIN UNTO MINE ENEMIES.

... FOR THE KING MUST REIGN SUPREME...

THE STENCH OF DEATH AND DECECENTION ARE EVERYWHERE.

I HUNT ALONE AND DEPEND ON NO ONE....

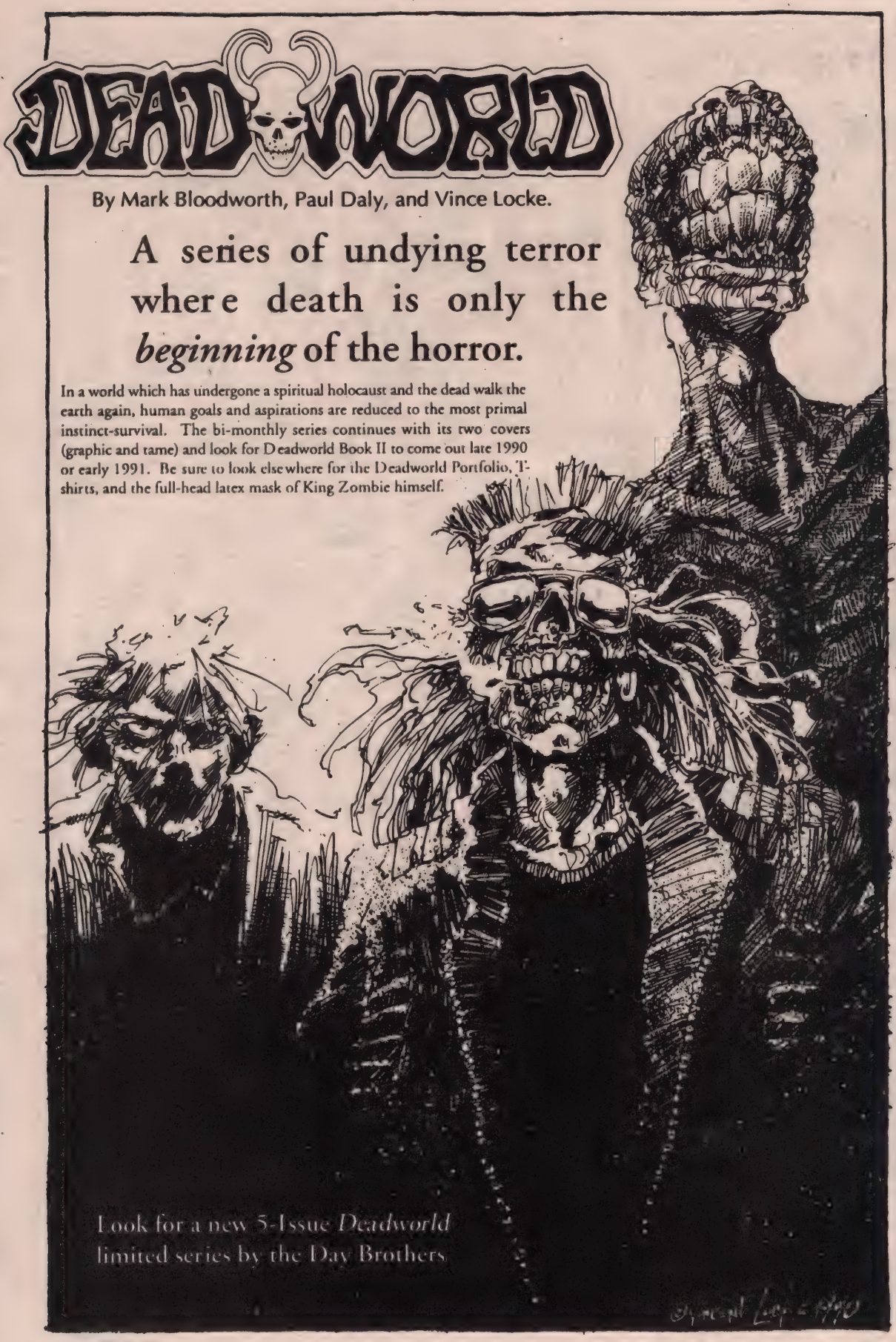
AND THEREFORE, I HAVE NEVER *FELT* THE BITTER *EMBRACE* OF *FEAR*...

UNTIL THE TIME OF *CREATION* OF A *BEING MORE POWERFUL THAN MYSELF*...

AND, UNTIL *THIS* TIME WHEN THIS *NEW* ENEMY IS *UNLEASHED* ONTO THE *BATTLEFIELD*...

...TO TRY HIS FAULTY HAND TO TOPPLE MINE EMPIRE...
I WILL REMAIN.
I AM THE SOVEREIGN WARRIOR OF MY ERA...
... I LIVE.
--AND THROUGH COUNTLESS ENCOUNTERS, EACH HOUR, MINUTE AND SECOND ARE SAVOURED.
...SURVIVING WELL BEYOND MY EXPECTED LIFE SPAN...
BUTCHERY... SLAUGHTER... MASSACRE...
THE VIRILITY OF MY EXISTANCE.
...I HAVE ENDURED.
...BECOMING THE ULTIMATE MASTER OF MY DOMAIN.

END.


DEADWORLD
By Mark Bloodworth, Paul Daly, and Vince Locke.
A series of undying terror where death is only the *beginning* of the horror.
In a world which has undergone a spiritual holocaust and the dead walk the earth again, human goals and aspirations are reduced to the most primal instinct-survival. The bi-monthly series continues with its two covers (graphic and tame) and look for Deadworld Book II to come out late 1990 or early 1991. Be sure to look elsewhere for the Deadworld Portfolio, T-shirts, and the full-head latex mask of King Zombie himself.
Look for a new 5-Issue *Deadworld* limited series by the Day Brothers

KING SOLOMAN'S MINDS

THE FIGURE WAS A TINY SPECK OF *DUST* -- WHITE AND SILVER IN COLOUR. THE FIGURE LEFT A BILLOW OF BROWN DUST AFTER ITS EVERY FOOTSTEP. *THE FIGURE WAS CRYING.*

CAN YOU *HEAR ME* ... *GOD?* DAMN YOUR SOUL IF YOU *HAVE ANY.* *DAMN* YOUR *SOUL!*

... *THEN* THE BRILLIANT BEAMS WERE GONE AND ONLY THE SILVER WRECK AND BROWN SANDS WERE LEFT AGAIN TO BE SEEN AGAINST THE *WALL OF BLACK.*

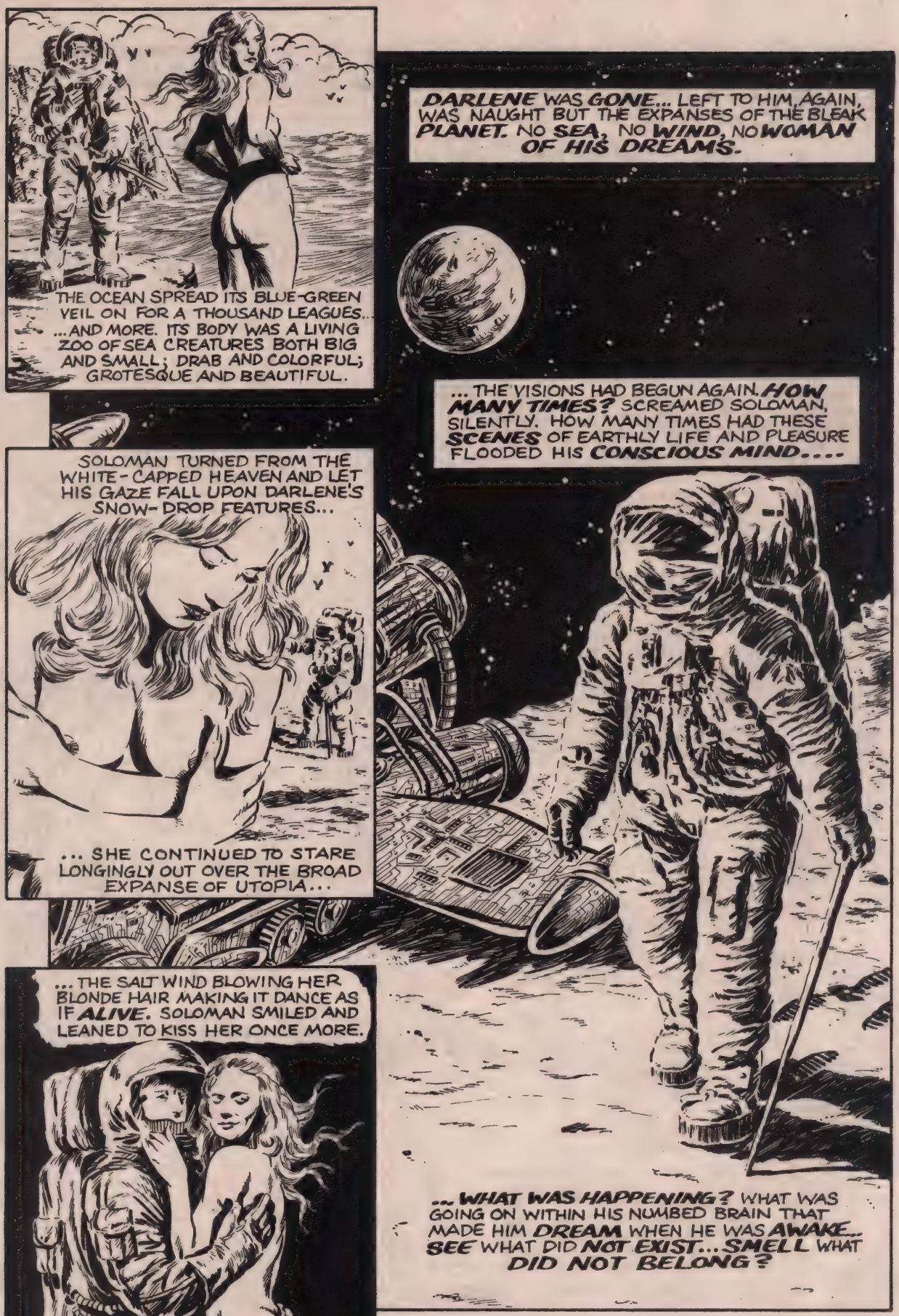
... *BLACK* AS SOLOMAN'S FUTURE.

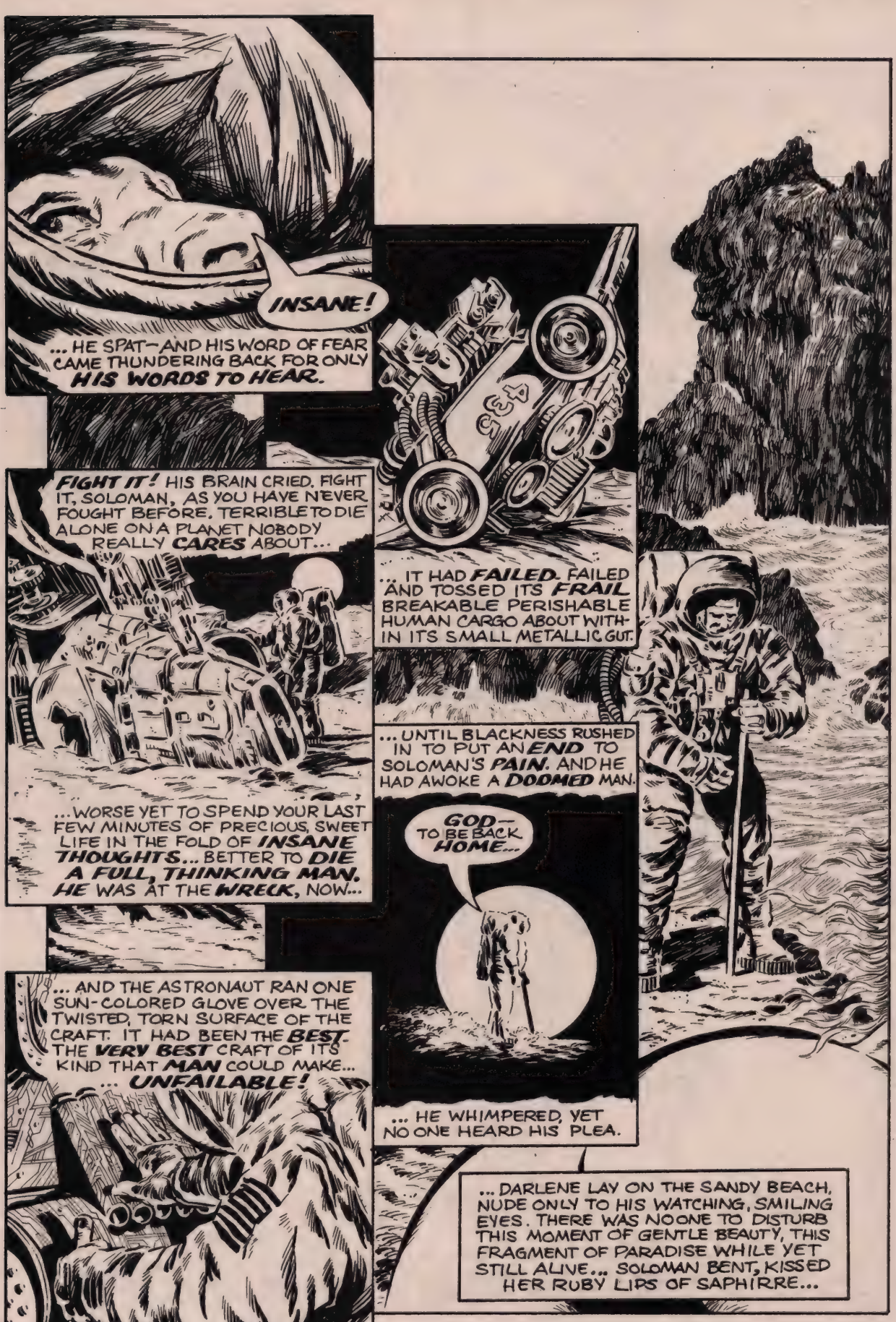
...*HIS FUTURE WAS SET-- HE HAD CRASHED.* HE HAD NOT *DIED* IN THAT *ACCIDENT.* RESCUE WOULD NOT *COME... IT COULD NOT.*

THE *GLEAM* OF THE TWISTED HULK OF SOLOMAN'S *MODULE* SEEMED TO BE ALMOST *BLINDING* FOR A MOMENT AS IT CAUGHT THE *RAYS* OF THE FAR-TO-DISTANT-SUN AND *BOUNCED* INTO THE ASTRONAUT'S LINE OF *VISION...*

STORY: **GENE DAY**

ART: **DAN DAY**


THE OCEAN SPREAD ITS BLUE-GREEN VEIL ON FOR A THOUSAND LEAGUES... ...AND MORE. ITS BODY WAS A LIVING ZOO OF SEA CREATURES BOTH BIG AND SMALL; DRAB AND COLORFUL; GROTESQUE AND BEAUTIFUL.
DARLENE WAS GONE... LEFT TO HIM, AGAIN, WAS NAUGHT BUT THE EXPANSES OF THE BLEAK PLANET. NO SEA, NO WIND, NO WOMAN OF HIS DREAMS.
... THE VISIONS HAD BEGUN AGAIN. HOW MANY TIMES? SCREAMED SOLOMAN, SILENTLY. HOW MANY TIMES HAD THESE SCENES OF EARTHLY LIFE AND PLEASURE FLOODED HIS CONSCIOUS MIND....
SOLOMAN TURNED FROM THE WHITE-CAPPED HEAVEN AND LET HIS GAZE FALL UPON DARLENE'S SNOW-DROP FEATURES...
... SHE CONTINUED TO STARE LONGINGLY OUT OVER THE BROAD EXPANSE OF UTOPIA...
... THE SALT WIND BLOWING HER BLONDE HAIR MAKING IT DANCE AS IF ALIVE. SOLOMAN SMILED AND LEANED TO KISS HER ONCE MORE.
... WHAT WAS HAPPENING? WHAT WAS GOING ON WITHIN HIS NUMBED BRAIN THAT MADE HIM DREAM WHEN HE WAS AWAKE... SEE WHAT DID NOT EXIST... SMELL WHAT DID NOT BELONG?


INSANE!
... HE SPAT—AND HIS WORD OF FEAR CAME THUNDERING BACK FOR ONLY HIS WORDS TO HEAR.
FIGHT IT! HIS BRAIN CRIED. FIGHT IT, SOLOMAN, AS YOU HAVE NEVER FOUGHT BEFORE. TERRIBLE TO DIE ALONE ON A PLANET NOBODY REALLY CARES ABOUT...
... IT HAD FAILED. FAILED AND TOSSED ITS FRAIL BREAKABLE PERISHABLE HUMAN CARGO ABOUT WITHIN ITS SMALL METALLIC GUT.
... WORSE YET TO SPEND YOUR LAST FEW MINUTES OF PRECIOUS, SWEET LIFE IN THE FOLD OF INSANE THOUGHTS... BETTER TO DIE A FULL, THINKING MAN. HE WAS AT THE WRECK, NOW...
... UNTIL BLACKNESS RUSHED IN TO PUT AN END TO SOLOMAN'S PAIN. AND HE HAD AWOKE A DOOMED MAN.
GOD— TO BE BACK HOME...
... HE WHIMPERED, YET NO ONE HEARD HIS PLEA.
... AND THE ASTRONAUT RAN ONE SUN-COLORED GLOVE OVER THE TWISTED, TORN SURFACE OF THE CRAFT. IT HAD BEEN THE BEST— THE VERY BEST CRAFT OF ITS KIND THAT MAN COULD MAKE... ... UNFAILABLE!
... DARLENE LAY ON THE SANDY BEACH, NUDE ONLY TO HIS WATCHING, SMILING EYES. THERE WAS NO ONE TO DISTURB THIS MOMENT OF GENTLE BEAUTY, THIS FRAGMENT OF PARADISE WHILE YET STILL ALIVE... SOLOMAN BENT, KISSED HER RUBY LIPS OF SAPHIRRE...

... SHE REPEATED THE WORDS SHE HAD SAID SO OFTEN, IT SEEMED, LATELY...
TAKE OFF YOUR CLOTHES, SOLOMAN. TAKE OFF YOUR CLOTHES AND RUN NAKED WITH ME— NAKED TO THE SUN!
SHE SMILED AND THE WORLD WAS HIS!
NOO!!
...THE SCREAM ECHOED WITHIN THE CONFINES OF SOLOMAN'S HELMET.
... IT ROARED IN HIS FLARING NOSTRILS, DANCED WITHIN THE CONFINES OF HIS MOUTH...
... VIBRATED HIS EYES, CARESSED HIS CHEEKS, PINCHED HIS EARS... ... DREW A SILK HAND THROUGH HIS GREYING HAIR!
THIS IS NOT HAPPENING!
...HE SCREAMED AT HIS INNER MIND... HIS DARLENE IS ON EARTH. ROTTING IN A GRAVE. GONE— PERISHED— DEAD. JUST LIKE HE WILL BE ... SOON!!!

HIS MIND BLACKENED AND HE STAGGERED UNDER THE MENTAL LASHES OF HIS OWN THOUGHTS. HE CLUTCHED AS ONE CLUTCHES AT A PIECE OF WOOD WHEN DROWNING, AT THE FORM OF THE MODULE. IT FELT COLD IN HIS GRASP YET HE KNEW THAT IT WAS IMPOSSIBLE -- FOR THE SUN GLOBE UPON HIS SWEATING HANDS ALOUD NO TEMPERATURE TO ENTER. IT COULD FEEL NOTHING, YET HE FELT COLD METAL UNDER HIS HANDS.

SOLOMAN'S HEAD CLEARED AND HE LET HIS HOLD GO FREE FROM THE SILVER BIRD. GOOD SHOW, SOLOMAN. YOU FOUGHT THE MADDNESS- AND WON.

EMOTIONS RUN WILD WHEN NO ONE KNOWS HE IS GOING TO DIE WITH NO HOPE OF REPRIEVE OF ANY NATURE!

LOVE ME, SOLOMAN, AS YOU HAVE NEVER LOVED ANY OTHER WOMAN!

THE DISEASE IS IN MY BREAST...EATING AT ME. I'LL BE DEAD SOON. BUT IT WILL ALL BE WORTH IT!

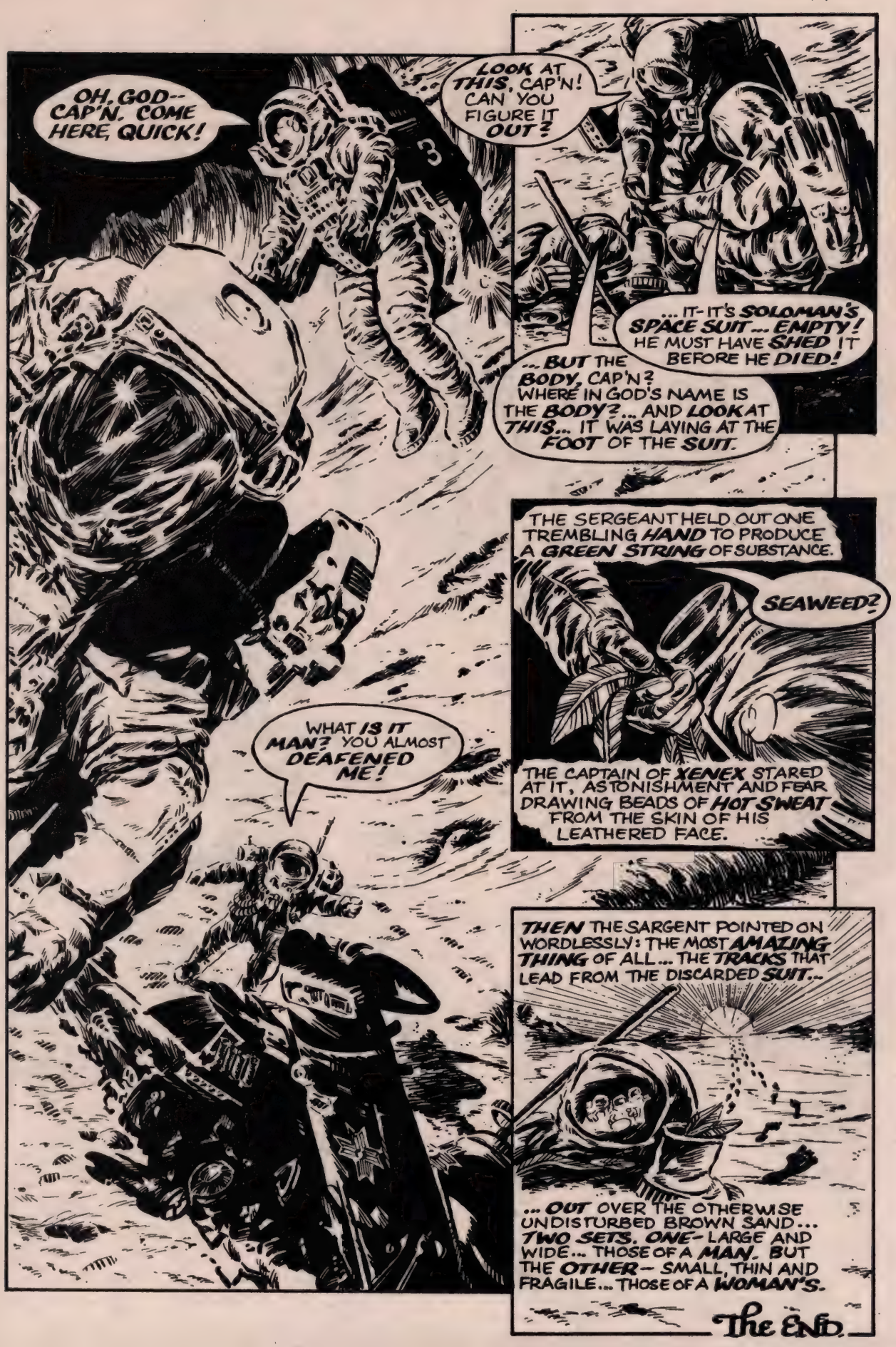
... LOVE ME -- AND I'LL BE YOURS FOR ETERNITY. RUN NAKED WITH ME INTO THE GOLDEN RAYS OF THE FIERY SUN AND WE WILL SET OUR LOVE AFLAME WITH EACH OTHER'S WANT!

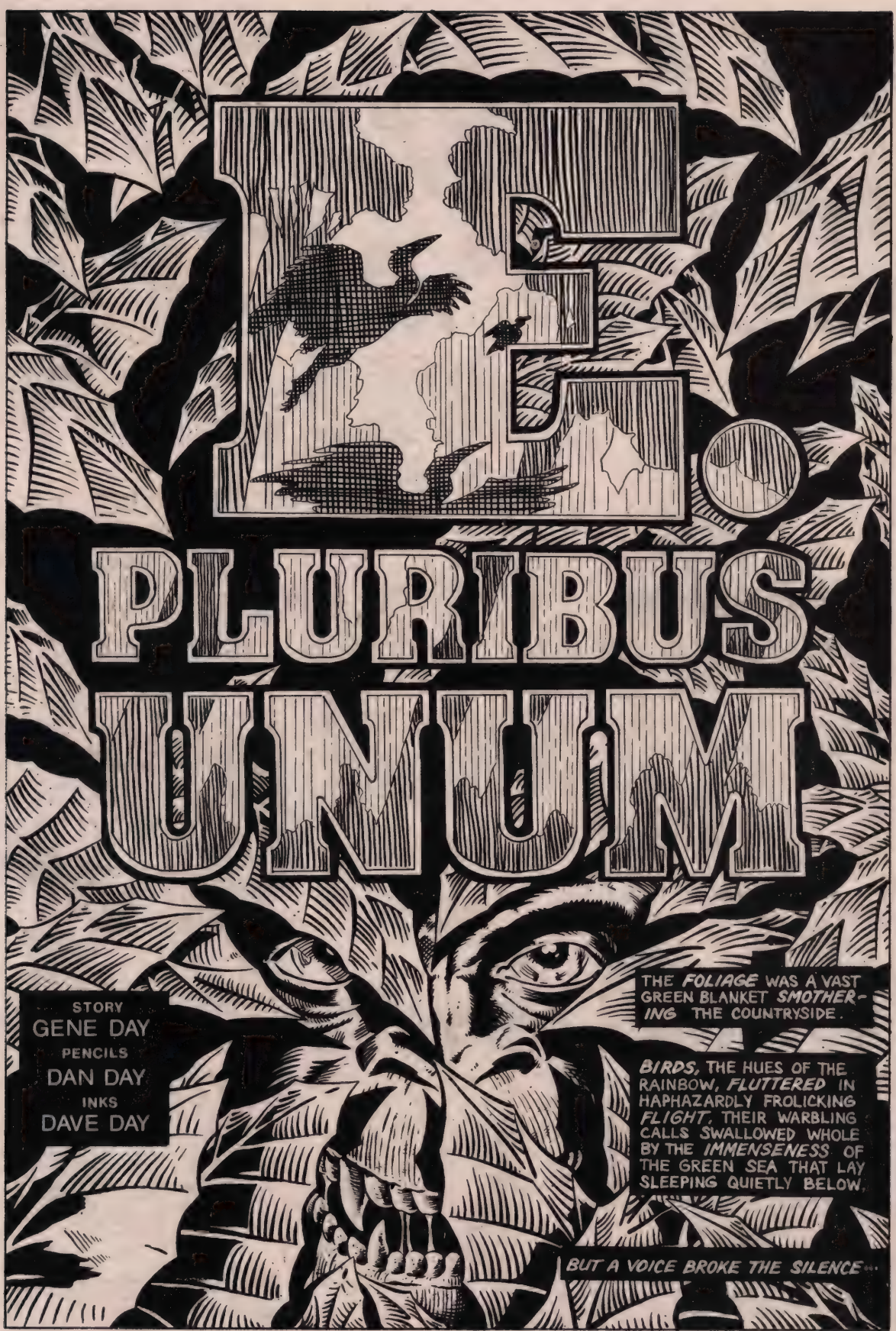
...SURE THERE WAS RELIEVESHIP COMING, THEY HAD TOLD HIM SO— ...BUT IN SIX MONTHS. SIX MONTHS! HE PROBABLY DIDN'T HAVE SIX HOURS LEFT!

THE OXYGEN GAUGES READ DANGEROUSLY LOW. BUT AT LEAST HE WOULD DIE SANE! SANE! AND NO DREAMS OF A MAGGOT-ROTTED WOMAN WOULD CHANGE THAT FACT!

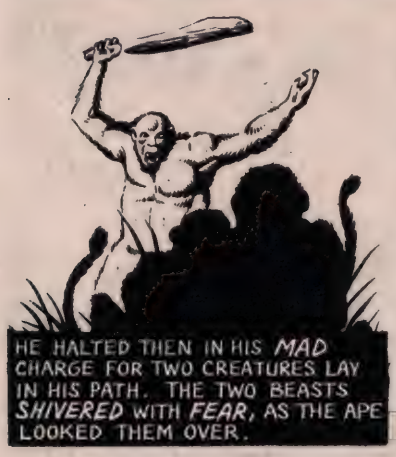
SHAKING, SOLOMAN RETURNED BACK TO THE LAND OF REALITY... THE WORLD SO BLEAK AND BARREN AND STERILE OF WARM LIFE STARED BACK AT HIM AND MADE HIM SHIVER ALL THE MORE...
... SCREAMING WORDS TO TELL THAT DREAM TO LEAVE HIM ALONE--LEAVE HIM ALONE TO DIE AS A MAN MUST DIE AND IN PEACE!!!
RUN NAKED WITH ME INTO THE GOLDEN RAYS OF THE FIERY SUN AND WE WILL SET OUR LOVE AFLAME WITH EACH OTHER'S WANT.
I LUST FOR YOU, SOLOMAN; I NEED FOR YOU. I AM YOU AND YOU ARE ME.
SHE COULD HAVE SAID NO MORE FOR HER WORDS WERE MORE THAN ENOUGH.
... BUT THERE WAS NO SENSE IN SCREAMING AGAIN FOR THERE WAS NO ONE TO HEAR HIM...
... NOTHING, SAVE FOR THE CANDLE-FLECKED SKY AND THE BROWN SAND -- AND THE SILVER BIRD, LONG-SINCE DEAD, MANGLED, BROKEN... DESTROYED.

SOLOMAN, COME TO ME MY LOVE!
I MUST DIE AND I MUST DIE SANE... LEAVE ME!
SIX MONTHS LATER, THE XENOX, OUT OF MARSPORT, EARTH FLEET, SET ITS GLEEMING SHELL DOWN UPON THE SURFACE OF THE BARREN WORLD. SHE OPENED HER METALLIC MOUTH AND SPEWED FORTH TWO ASTRONAUTS, EACH CLAD IN MOLTEN METAL, EACH WEARING HIS PROTECTIVE BUBBLE...
THERE'S THE WRECK OF LT. SOLOMAN'S MODULE, CAP'N... NO SIGN OF HIS BODY AROUND, EITHER!
I CANNOT LEAVE YOU, MY SWEET, WONDERFUL MAN! WOULD LEAVING YOU MAKE YOU HAPPY?!
NO! NO! NO! DO I REALLY MEAN WHAT I SAY?!
THEN SHED YOUR CLOTHES, MY LOVE, MY SOLOMAN. SHED YOUR SILVER SHROUD AND COME NAKED TO THE SUN. FOR YOU ARE MY KING SOLOMAN...
... MY ONE AND ONLY -- AND I AM YOUR QUEEN. COME, SOLOMAN... COME!


OH, GOD-- CAP'N, COME HERE, QUICK!
LOOK AT THIS, CAP'N! CAN YOU FIGURE IT OUT?
... IT- IT'S SOLOMAN'S SPACE SUIT ... EMPTY! HE MUST HAVE SHED IT BEFORE HE DIED!
... BUT THE BODY, CAP'N? WHERE IN GOD'S NAME IS THE BODY? ... AND LOOK AT THIS... IT WAS LAYING AT THE FOOT OF THE SUIT.
THE SERGEANT HELD OUT ONE TREMBLING HAND TO PRODUCE A GREEN STRING OF SUBSTANCE.
SEAWEED?
THE CAPTAIN OF XENEX STARED AT IT, ASTONISHMENT AND FEAR DRAWING BEADS OF HOT SWEAT FROM THE SKIN OF HIS LEATHERED FACE.
WHAT IS IT MAN? YOU ALMOST DEAFENED ME!
THEN THE SARGENT POINTED ON WORDLESSLY: THE MOST AMAZING THING OF ALL ... THE TRACKS THAT LEAD FROM THE DISCARDED SUIT...
... OUT OVER THE OTHERWISE UNDISTURBED BROWN SAND... TWO SETS, ONE- LARGE AND WIDE... THOSE OF A MAN, BUT THE OTHER- SMALL, THIN AND FRAGILE... THOSE OF A WOMAN'S.
The END

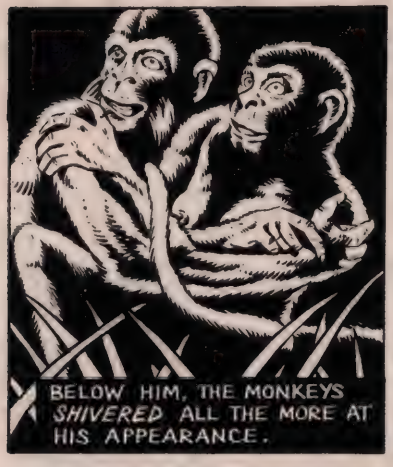

E
PLURIBUS
UNUM
STORY
GENE DAY
PENCILS
DAN DAY
INKS
DAVE DAY
THE FOLIAGE WAS A VAST GREEN BLANKET SMOTHERING THE COUNTRYSIDE.
BIRDS, THE HUES OF THE RAINBOW, FLUTTERED IN HAPHAZARDLY FROLICKING FLIGHT. THEIR WARBLING CALLS SWALLOWED WHOLE BY THE IMMENSENESS OF THE GREEN SEA THAT LAY SLEEPING QUIETLY BELOW.
BUT A VOICE BROKE THE SILENCE...

SCREAMING WITH THE HOPES OF INSTILLING FEAR IN THE CONCEALED PREY AHEAD, THE GREAT APE RUSHED INTO THE BUSHES.


HE HALTED THEN IN HIS MAD CHARGE FOR TWO CREATURES LAY IN HIS PATH. THE TWO BEASTS SHIVERED WITH FEAR, AS THE APE LOOKED THEM OVER.

THEY APPEARED TO BE LIKE HIM, ONLY SMALLER AND THEY DESPERATELY CLUTCHED EACH OTHER FOR PROTECTION AS THEY LAY QUIVERING.
...MONKEYS...HIS COUSINS...

SNARLING, THE APE RAISED HIS CLUB OVER HIS HEAD, ONLY TO LET IT LINGER THERE — UNSTRIKING...


BELOW HIM, THE MONKEYS SHIVERED ALL THE MORE AT HIS APPEARANCE.

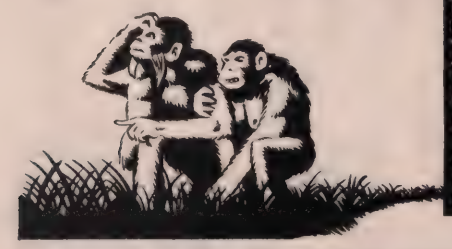
THE SIGHT OF THOSE TINY CRINGING FIGURES BROUGHT A STRANGE SENSATION FLOODING THROUGH THE APE'S DULL MIND.

HAD HE KNOWN AT THE TIME, HE WOULD HAVE CALLED IT COMPASSION...

BUT NOT KNOWING THE WORD OR HAVING THE MEANS TO EXPRESS ANY BUT HIS MOST URGENT NEEDS, THE APE WAS BAFFLED BY THE ODD FEELING OF PITY.
HE LOWERED THE CLUB, MUCH TO THE JOY AND CURIOSITY OF THE MEWING MONKEYS, AND THEN GRUNTED HIS AMAZEMENT AT WHAT HE HIMSELF HAD JUST DONE.

GUTTURAL AND GROSS, IT IMITATED THE BELLOWING OF A DYING ANIMAL AS IT ROSE FROM THE UNDERGROWTH, RISING, FALLING, NOW RISING AGAIN, THE APE BROKE THEN FROM THE COVER OF LEAF AND TWIG.
SPITTLE SPARKLING UPON HIS MATTED CHIN HAIRS, THE CREATURE OF SAVAGE APPEARANCE CAST ITS FIERCE GAZE ABOUT THE TINY CLEARING.
NO MOVEMENT CAME FROM ANY DIRECTION, FOR EVEN THE WINGING BIRDLIFE HAD STILLED AT THE GREAT APE'S APPROACH.
THE THING GRUNTED. HUNGER WAS A GNAWING PAIN IN HIS STOMACH.
WITH ONE PAW HE RUBBED THAT SORE AREA, BUT THE HURT DID NOT FADE.
AND THEN THE RUSTLE.
LIKE A MAD BULL, THE APE WAS OFF, ROARING AS HE CLUTCHED AT A LONG THICK STICK THAT LAY IN HIS PATH ... A WEAPON!!

THE APE TURNED AND WADDLED OFF, BENT ON FINDING *SOME OTHER PREY* HE COULD POSSIBLY FEAST UPON THAT DAY. SLOWLY THE MASSIVE FIGURE DISAPPEARED INTO THE GREEN OF THE FOREST.



THE TWO MONKEYS PARTED THEIR GRASP. THE MALE OF THE TWO MATES SCRATCHED HIS HEAD AND POINTED AT THE CREATURE THAT, BY REASON, SHOULD HAVE *SLAIN* AND *FEASTED* UPON THEM.

HE GRUNTED, PAWING AT HIS THROAT TO TRY TO MAKE SOME *NEW SOUND* TO DUB *CREATURE* AND *OCCURRENCE* ALIKE.

GROANING AND *SPUTTERING*, HE OBSERVED UNTIL THE APE WAS FINALLY GONE INTO THE SHADOWS.

AND IT WAS THE MALE WHO FINALLY CREATED SOME *STRANGE UNEARTHLY* SOUND, LEAPING UP AND DOWN ON THE SOFT GRASS OF THE TINY CLEARING.

"*GAWD!!*" HE CRIED.

...AND WAS STILL CONTINUING TO CRY THAT *STRANGE NEW SOUND*, WHEN THE FEMALE SPOTTED, DANGLING FROM THE BOUGHS OF A BLOSSOM-DOTTED TREE TO THEIR LEFT, SOME *ODD BRIGHT FRUIT*...

•END•

the OBSERVER

STORY:
GENE DAY

ART:
DAN DAY

THE SHALLOW MARKINGS OF ITS TREADS LEFT AN ENDLESS ROAD FOR MILES TO THE EAST, WHILE WESTERLY NO MARK, OTHER THAN THOSE OF THE WIND, COULD BE SEEN ON IT GRINDED. **ADAM TWO** BY NAME. **ITS PURPOSE . . . TO EXPLORE AND RECORD.**

"MOTHER EARTH?" ARTIFICIAL VOCAL CHORDS WHEEZED.
"**OBSERVATION:** THE GROUND IS GENERALLY SOLID IN MOST PLACES."
"**CONCLUSION:** EXCELLENT FOR THE USE OF BUILDING FOUNDATIONS."

TINY, NEAR INVISIBLE CIRCUITS CUT IN AND OFF, DRIVING THOSE DARK, WHIRLING TREADS ON AND ON. **RECORDING, SEEING, TALKING.**

"**OBSERVATION:** MANY IRON AND SILVER DEPOSITS AT VARIOUS INTERVALS CAN BE FOUND."
"**CONCLUSION:** SUITABLE TERRAIN FOR MINING EXPLOITS." THE AIR WAS BLACK WITH NIGHT'S COMING. DAMPNESS SLID A HEAVY BLANKET IN THE SULLEN SILENCE ABOUT.

"**MOTHER EARTH?**" IT WENT ON. "THIS IS **ADAM TWO**. YOU HAVE NOT ANSWERED IN OVER TWO MONTHS. "**QUESTION:** WHAT SHALL I DO?"

NO HUMAN VOICE CRACKLED BACK THROUGH THE RECEIVER. NO STRAINED, STATIC VOICE OF A BROTHER ROBOT EITHER. ONLY THE SAME, EVER STEADY, EVER DEAFENING SILENCE.

THE WIND WAS A CUTLASS THAT BIT AT THE OBSERVER'S RIVETS BUT THE MACHINE FELT NOTHING. WESTERLY IT TRAVELLED ON, STILL GRINDING, STILL SEEING, STILL UNANSWERED.

"**MOTHER EARTH:** THIS IS **ADAM TWO**.
"**OBSERVATION:** AIR IS NEARLY ALWAYS BREATHABLE BY HUMAN STANDARDS."
"**CONCLUSION:** MAN WILL THRIVE ON THIS WORLD UNLIKE ANY OTHER HE HAS PREVIOUSLY FOUND."
THE RECEIVER, AS ALWAYS, WAS SILENT AS DEATH ITSELF.

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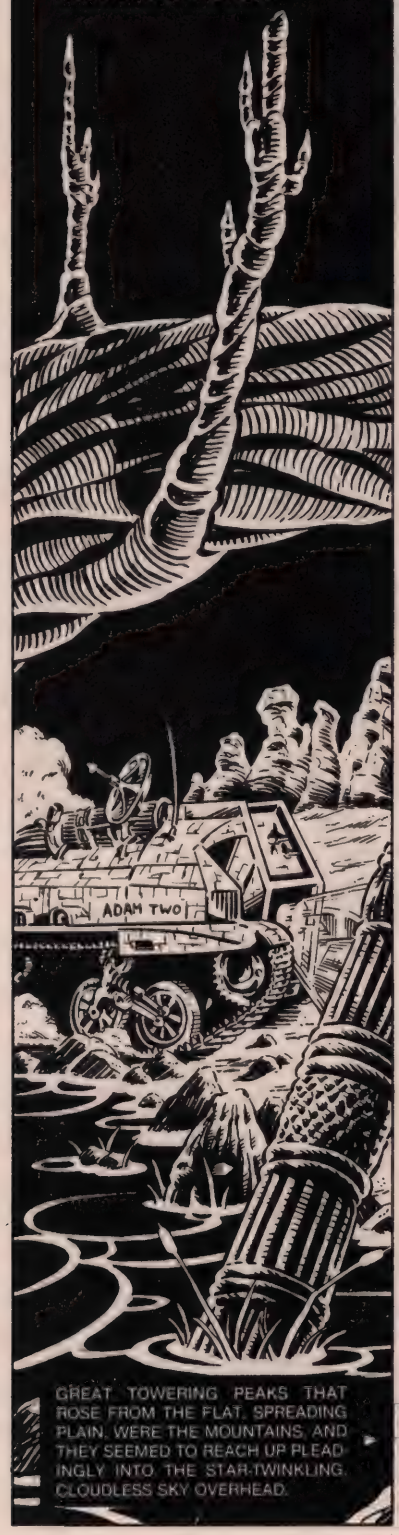
ART copyright ©1983 by DAN DAY

ONLY THE REMAINS OF SOME LOST CIVILIZATION. BITS OF GREEN VEGETATION, AND SMALL, DIRTY POOLS OF GREYISH WATER MARRED THE SMOOTH, SANDY SURFACE OF THE LAND. FOR COUNTLESS MILES THERE WAS NOTHING MORE, SAVE FOR TRACKS TO THE EAST AND THE MOUNTAINS TO THE WEST.



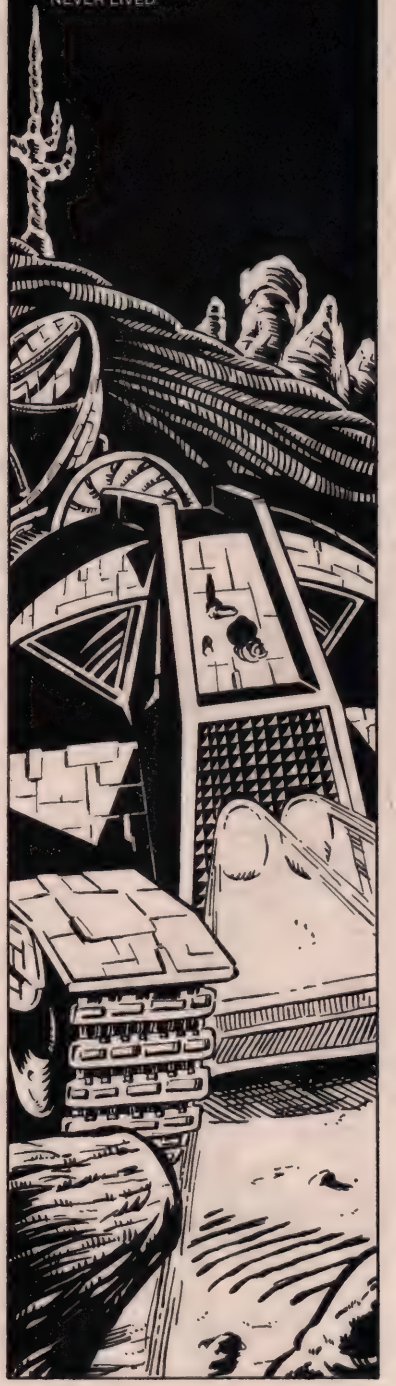
GREAT, TOWERING PEAKS THAT ROSE FROM THE FLAT, SPREADING PLAIN. WERE THE MOUNTAINS, AND THEY SEEMED TO REACH UP PLEADINGLY INTO THE STAR-TWINKLING, CLOUDLESS SKY OVERHEAD.

"**OBSERVATION:** I HAVE SEEN THOSE MOUNTAINS BEFORE."
ADAM TWO CONTINUED ON DESPITE WHAT IT SAW. ITS CAMERAS FILMING DATA TO BE USED AND REUSED BY THE MACHINE FOR REFERENCE. WITHIN ITS HULK OF COLD, BLUE STEEL, INEXHAUSTIBLE POWER SOURCES EXPLODED AND RECONSTRUCTED POWER TO LAST A LIFETIME, AND LONGER. POWER TO ENABLE THE MACHINE TO CONTINUE TO RECORD. THEN, THE TRACKS TO THE WEST APPEARED BEFORE IT.

"**OBSERVATION:** FOR THE FIRST TIME DURING MY VISIT HERE, I AM WITNESSING SIGNS OF ANOTHER **LIFE FORM**."

"**CONCLUSION:** I MUST FOLLOW THE TRACKS TO FIND THE OTHER INHABITANT OF THIS WORLD".
MOTHER EARTH NEVER SPOKE. STILL ONLY SILENCE IN THE AIR AND THE TRACKS SPREADING ON FOREVER BEFORE THE MACHINE. TRACKS TO BE FOLLOWED AND THEIR CREATOR HUNTED DOWN.

"**OPINION:** I BELIEVE YOU CANNOT HEAR ME, **MOTHER EARTH**. I BELIEVE YOU ARE **DEAD**."
"**ERROR:** EARTH IS NOT DEAD I AM DEAD."
"**ERROR:** I CANNOT DIE. I HAVE NEVER LIVED."



"**OBSERVATION:** THE TRACKS THAT I AM FOLLOWING ARE STILL BEFORE ME."
ADAM TWO'S SLEEK, METALLIC VOICE OF WIRE AND CURRENT ORIGIN SPOKE ONLY, WAITING PERIODICALLY FOR MOTHER EARTH'S NEVER TO COME REPLY. FOR ONLY THE WIND ANSWERED IT, WITH ITS SCREECHING, HIGH PITCHED WAIL AND SLASHING, GOLDEN TRAINS OF SAND.

ONLY THE WIND AND THE TREAD TRACKS STRETCHING RELENTLESSLY ON AND ON, TO ENCOMPASS A LONE, UNINHABITED WORLD AND THEN BEGIN ANEW. STILL, ADAM TWO RUMBLED ALONG THE PATH, IN THE EARTH THAT LAY BEFORE IT.

"**OPINION:** I DON'T THINK I WILL EVER TALK TO MOTHER EARTH AGAIN."

"**OBSERVATION:** THE MOISTURE IN THE AIR IS OF LOW PERCENTAGE. VERY DRY."
"**CONCLUSION:** IT IS VERY DRY."
"**MEMORY:** I KNEW A SONG ONCE."

"**ERROR:** I KNOW ONLY FACTS."
"**ERROR:** I CANNOT TELL MYSELF THAT I HAVE MADE AN ERROR."
"**ERROR:** I HAVE ALREADY."

"**OBSERVATION:** CAN THE MOON DANCE?"
"**CONCLUSION:** ONLY WITH A COW AND A FIDDLE AND A SPOON."

"**PLEASE:** MOTHER EARTH? WHERE ARE YOU?"
BUT ALL THAT REPLIED WAS SILENCE.

CALIBER ROUNDS

October

Creatures of the Id

M.Dalton Allred Teams Up With Bernie Mireault in One-Shot

Two of the hottest new talents of the comic industry will be teaming up on a special one shot issue scheduled for October release. M. Dalton Allred will be pencilling the three stories that comprise the special and Bernie Mireault will be doing the inkwork. The collaboration between these two distinctive artists proves to be an interesting blending of their styles that offers an unique look. The one shot issue will be three complete stories and the title of the book will be Creatures of the Id.

Allred is best known for his Graphique Musique series currently running from Slave Labor Graphics. Slave Labor had also published Allred's graphic novel, Dead Air.

playground

Imagine a house. Some say it is alive and spawns off a steady stream of half-wits, blind children, and demented beauties out of its front door, and of course others say...it is simply a house.

A young girl named Church soon discovers the secret of the house as the old man she befriended dies and leaves the house to her. However, first she must deal with the wake...a wake of 100 years.

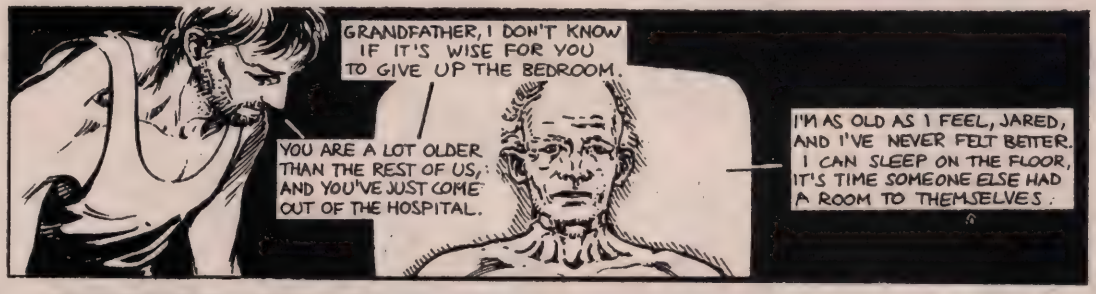
This is Playground, a one shot special coming in October. Written by Kathryn Kuder and illustrated by Stuart Immonen, Playground offers a stylized look as Church enters the new and strange domain. She runs into bizarre characters and unusual situations as questions are asked and answers are answered but what about the house?

CALIBER
PRESENTS

CALIBER PRESENTS

Now 64 pages Every Month!

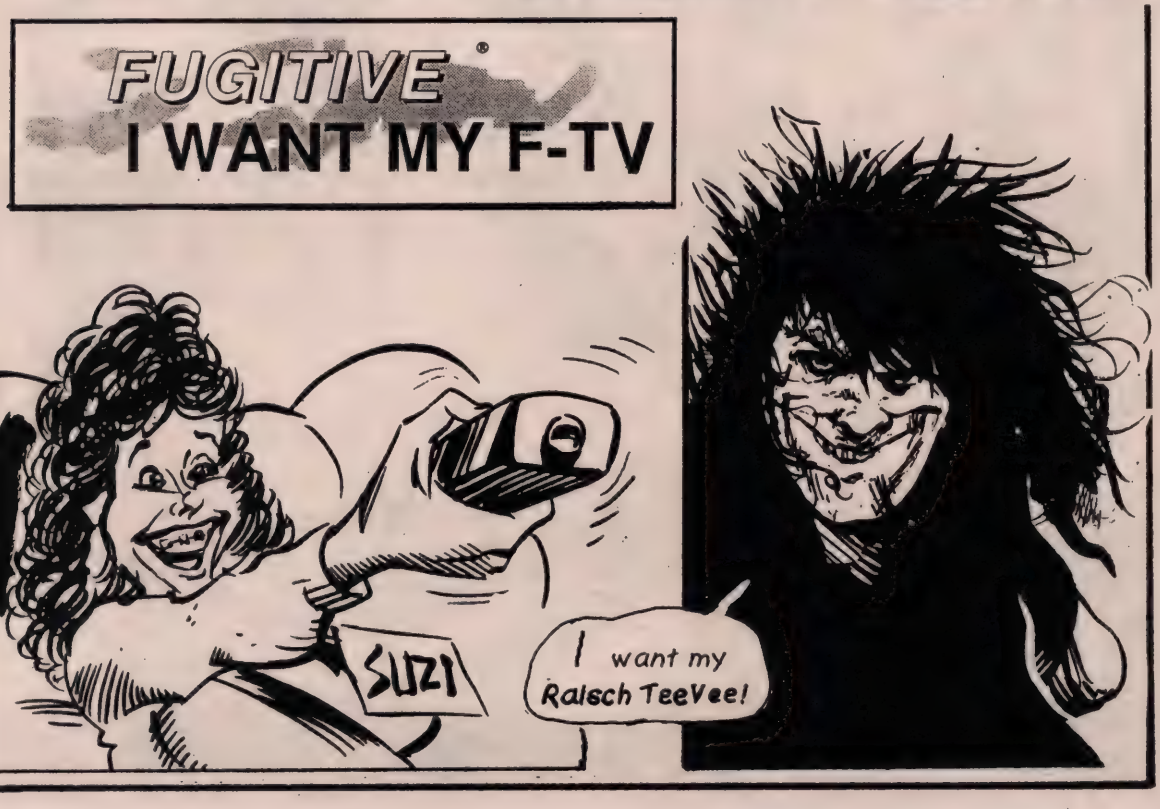
Starting with issue #15, Caliber Presents moves up to 64 pages and will start off a new feature...the Artist's Sketchbook. Leading off this new feature will be *Jim O'Barr*, creator of the Crow. Scheduled to appear following are *Vince Locke*, *Kevin VanHook*, and *Guy Davis*. More artists to be announced soon.


GRANDFATHER, I DON'T KNOW IF IT'S WISE FOR YOU TO GIVE UP THE BEDROOM.
YOU ARE A LOT OLDER THAN THE REST OF US, AND YOU'VE JUST COME OUT OF THE HOSPITAL.
I'M AS OLD AS I FEEL, JARED, AND I'VE NEVER FELT BETTER. I CAN SLEEP ON THE FLOOR, IT'S TIME SOMEONE ELSE HAD A ROOM TO THEMSELVES.

Featuring stories from
R. G. Taylor
The conclusion of
Random Thoughts
More episodes of
Fugitive
plus
Street Shadows
and Gideons
and the addition of the
Hero from Hyperia
GO-MAN!

IT WAS TEN YEARS AGO WHEN A FIRE BROKE OUT IN THE DEPARTMENT STORE BEHIND HOLY TRINITY.
IT SPREAD TO THE ROOF OF THE CHURCH BUT GOT LITTLE FURTHER.
THANKS BE TO THE FIRE DEPARTMENT.

ENOUGH DAMAGE WAS DONE HOWEVER.
THE RESTORATION CONTINUES TO THIS DAY.
IN SOME PLACES THE SCARS ARE STILL VERY MUCH IN EVIDENCE.
AND THE FLAMES BURN BRIGHTLY.



CALIBER PRESENTS

• Ken Holewczynski

• Rafael Nieves

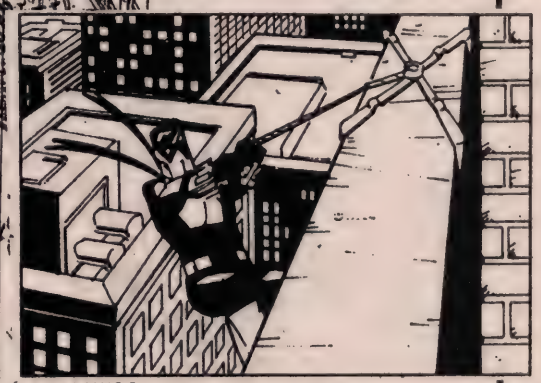
From the creators who participated in such series as *Tales From the Heart, Temporary Natives, Mister X,* and *Futurama,* now bring forth a new series of a loner who must face a past he can't remember and a future he can't imagine. Running in Caliber Presents #13-19.

ORLAK/the eternal

A Puzzle with ten missing pieces.

Shown here are some sample pages from the upcoming serial running in Caliber Presents featuring the return of the **VERDICT!** All new episodes featuring aseries ofhard hitting action.

Martin Powell
Dean Haspiel



• Coming this fall...

VERDICT

the compilation of the first VERDICT series!

...BUT I KNOWED--TOO MANY FAT WHACKADOS BULGING GREEN AN' GOLD ON THE NUMBER ELEVEN SIDES...
...ALWAYS BADNESS EVERYWHERE.
KING SHOULDA KNOWED THAT.

NEW IMPROVED EASY TO PRONOUNCE LOGO!

"*GRAPHIQUE MUSIQUE* IS A CLASS ACT AND A DELIGHT; LYRICAL TEXT, FINE CLEAN ART, BOTH CONTRIBUTING TO M. DALTON ALLRED'S MEDITATION ON MUSIC, TIME AND WHAT IT MEANS TO BE HUMAN. NO ONE ELSE IS DOING ANYTHING LIKE THIS." **-Neal Gaiman**

"STYLISH, SOPHISTICATED, CLEVER AND EXPERIMENTAL." **-Michael T. Gilbert**

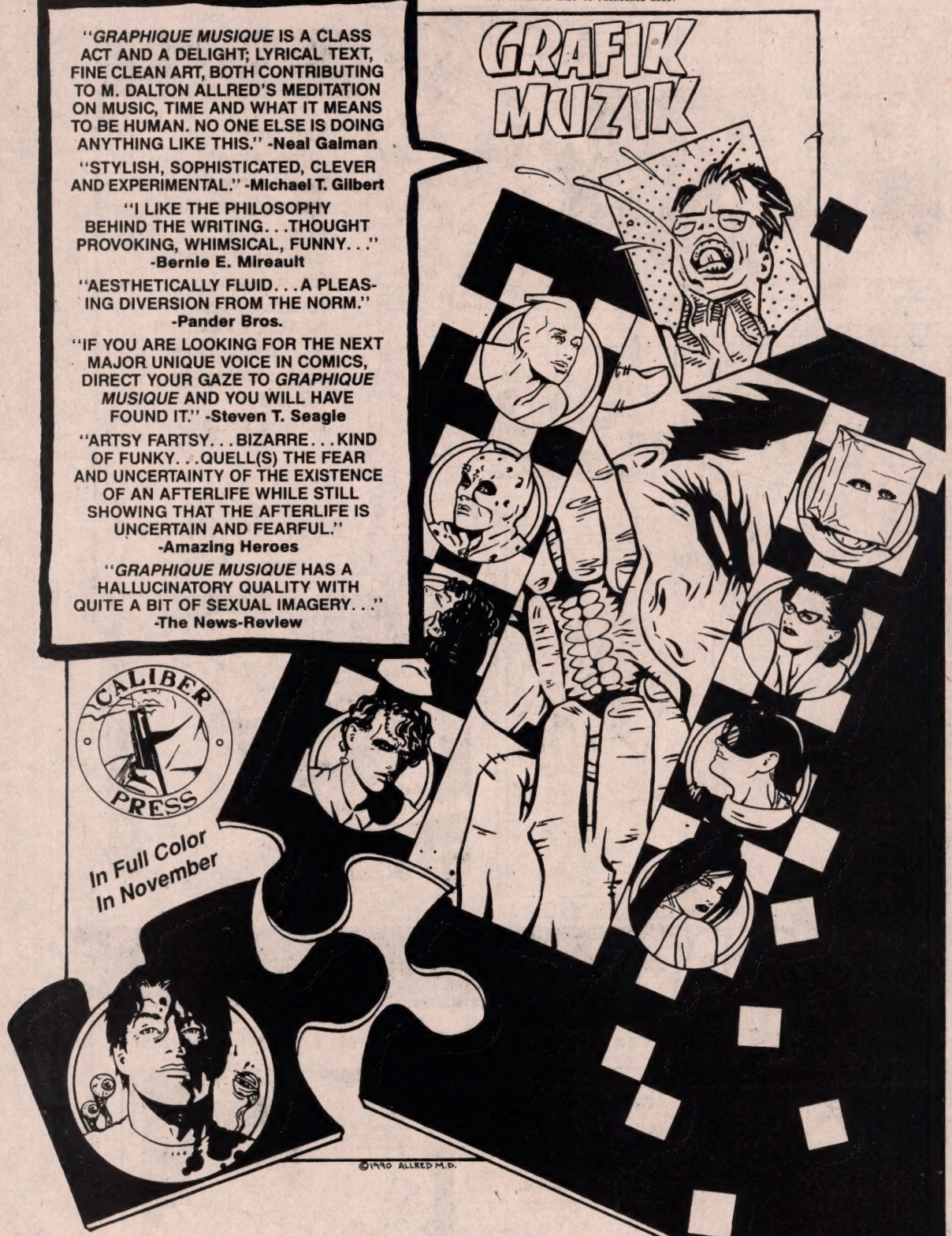
"I LIKE THE PHILOSOPHY BEHIND THE WRITING...THOUGHT PROVOKING, WHIMSICAL, FUNNY..." **-Bernie E. Mireault**

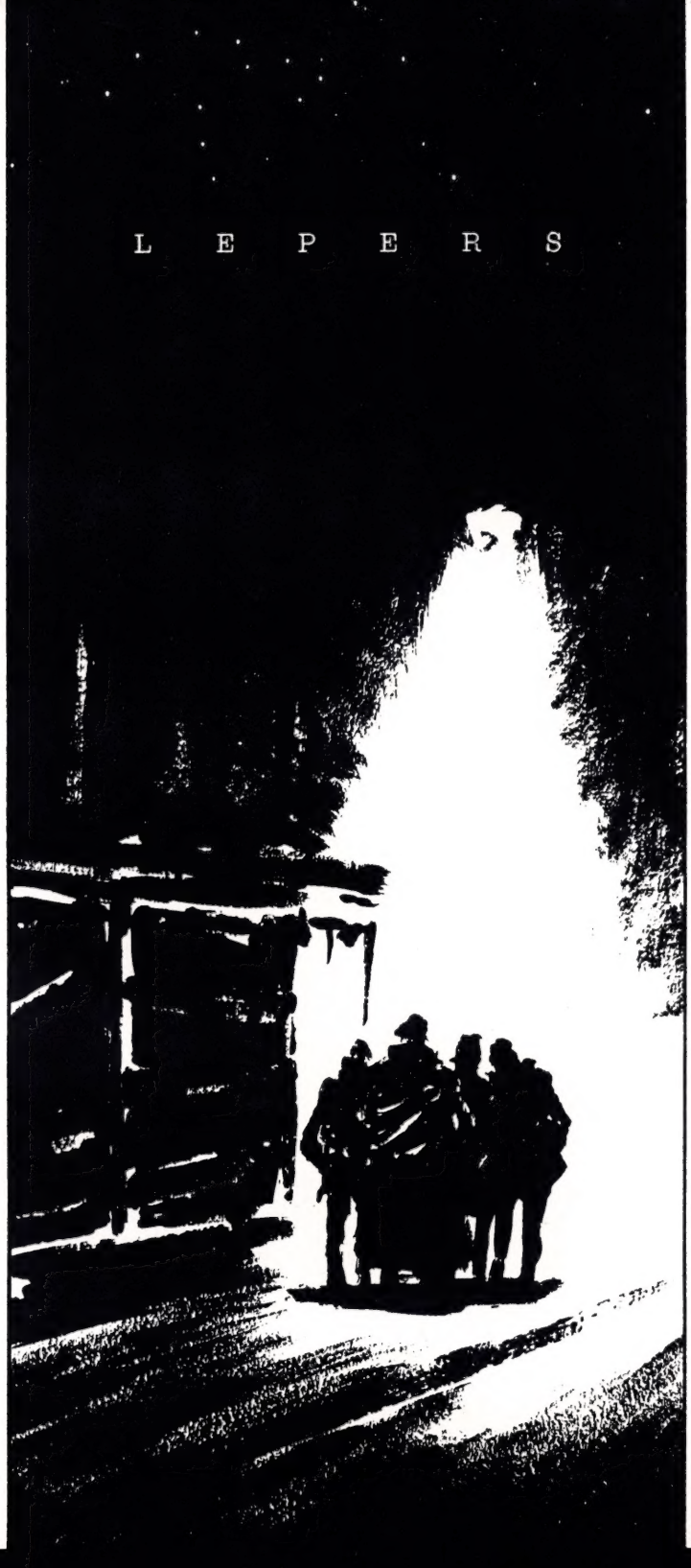
"AESTHETICALLY FLUID...A PLEASING DIVERSION FROM THE NORM." **-Pander Bros.**

"IF YOU ARE LOOKING FOR THE NEXT MAJOR UNIQUE VOICE IN COMICS, DIRECT YOUR GAZE TO *GRAPHIQUE MUSIQUE* AND YOU WILL HAVE FOUND IT." **-Steven T. Seagle**

"ARTSY FARTSY...BIZARRE...KIND OF FUNKY...QUELL(S) THE FEAR AND UNCERTAINTY OF THE EXISTENCE OF AN AFTERLIFE WHILE STILL SHOWING THAT THE AFTERLIFE IS UNCERTAIN AND FEARFUL." **-Amazing Heroes**

"*GRAPHIQUE MUSIQUE* HAS A HALLUCINATORY QUALITY WITH QUITE A BIT OF SEXUAL IMAGERY..." **-The News-Review**

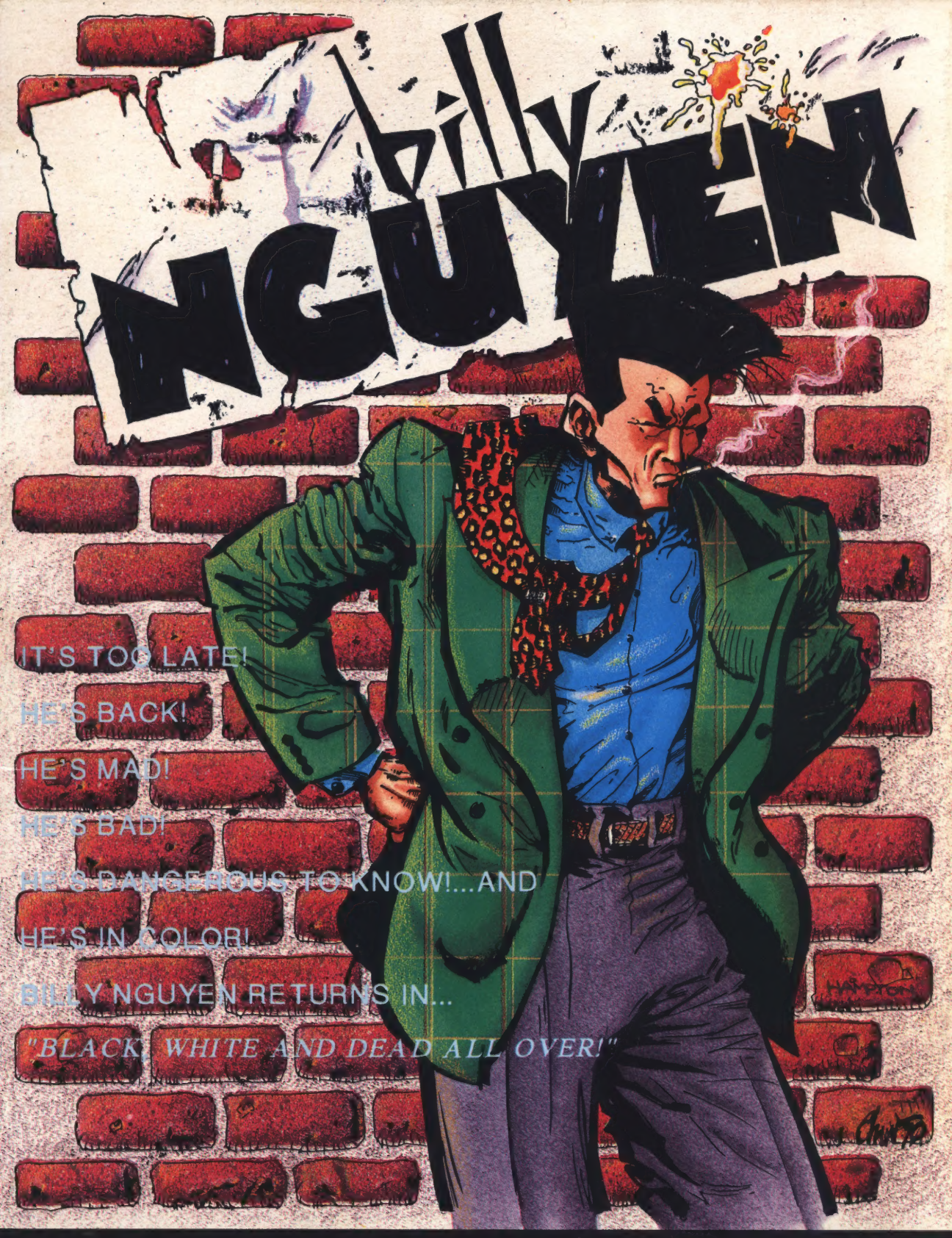




A S H E S

BY JOHN BERGIN

ISSUE #3
COMING IN SEPTEMBER



A chest-choking, chromatic crime comic conceived by Hartman, Bird, Shaw and Hampton

Two Issue Color Series from Caliber Press

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